ITEMS OF WIT AND HUMOR. EVANGELIST BEN

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE FUNNY THE REFORMED FIGHTER IN THIS CITY MEN OF OUR TIMES.



Rev. Mr. Ruffin-If yo' don' kim t' chu'ch mo' reg'lar, yo'll go tet der bad place, Job Whinders.

Job-Hol' on, pahson! I wuz 'gaged in ketchin' a chick'n fer yo' donation-pahty termorrer.
Mr. Ruffin—Um-m-mpah! 's dat so? Well,
p'raps we kin scotch fer a liddle in d' flames
n luff yo' go: but be keerful, Job, be keer-

> Decidedly Renlistic. [From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

Mrs. Flippermore (to country watchmaker who knows but little about gems) - Mr. Fixon, I have a very fine catseye. How would you advise me to have it set?
Mr. Fixom—I would fix it on a little mouse.

A medical journal asks "When should people eat?" There is no physician in this part of Gilead, but as a layman who lives npon food and sustenance, we would suggest that mealtime comes about as close to the b of the monster man as any hour of

A Thoughtful Friend. | From the Detroit Free Press. 1

"Who was that you bowed to on the car?" she asked of her friend as they stood in a store down on Woodward avenue.

That's Katie — ."
'How sweetly she bowed back." "Yes, we love each other dearly. When her father died last year I was the only friend she had thoughtfu enough to count the car-riages and tell her there were forty-seven."

> A Fine Eve for Business. [From the Broadlyn Eagle.]

"Doctor, how did you come to rent an office away off here! This isn't much of a neighborhood for your profession, is it?" "Is it? I should shudder and groan. That building right over the way is a cooking school, there's a women's restaurant on the next corner, and the big barn on the back lot is a boys' gymnasium. I've advertised for a partner already."

Wanted to Go Faster. [From the Detroit Free Press.]

"I was reading in a paper yesterday," he said as he halted a citizen in front of the soldiers' monument. "that a duck could fly ninety miles an hour. Do you believe it pos-

"That is rather a strange question to ask me, sir!" replied the other, with considerable cold storage in his voice.

"Yes, I know, but I want to find out. There are occasions when I have to leave my house in a hurry, and if a duck can make this gait, and there is no patent on it. I'm going to ested on. Perhaus you have tried to out. to catch on. Perhaps you never tried to out-run a flat iron, sir?"

> No Objections to Children. [From the Nese York Weekly.]

Fond Mother (accompanied by small son)-

Small Cherub-None o' your business. Fond Mother-Oh, baby, you should not

Cherub—I won't.

Cherub—I won't.

Fond Mother—Merey! Don't throw your ball that way. You'll break a window, Children are so innocent and joyful that—
Proprietor—I beg your pardon, madam: I said we took children, and we do; but it is my duty to warn you that we have measles and whoop ng cough and chicken pox and said to the control of scarlet fever and smallpox in the hotel, and five chileren have something that looks like Asiatic cholery— Thank fate, she's gone.

A Palse Effort.



Miss Breathwait-Wow! I done missed

Mr. Freezey-Yo's gittin' mo' nigh-sighted eb'ry day, K'lindy. Dat warn't d' ball yo' jes' swatted at; hit was a sparrer.

HOGAN.

EN ROUTE FOR EUROPE,

Yale Freshmen Object to Rowing the Pennsylvania Boys-Malcolm Ford Challenged for a Broad Jump - Cape May as a Sporting Centre-Bill Goods, the English Middle-Weight, Badly Punished.

Ben Hogan, formerly champion heavyweight of America, is paying a flying visit to this city. He is now an evangelist, and a mighty successful one, too. He leaves on Friday for London and Berlin on a converting tour. What a change from the man who fought Tom Allen for the championship of the world, at Council Bluffs, in 1873! A few years after this fight Hogan renounced pugilsm, became converted and turned his attention entirely to "showing the way to heaven," as he himself puts it. He pays his expenses out of his own pocket for the most part. He gave up a flourishing business as proprietor of a concert-saloon and gambling-hall to enter the ranks of evangelists.

The Yale Freshmen are objecting to the race with the so-called Pennsylvania Freshmen on the ground that the latter are not members of '92 in reality. Their claims seem well based, as six of the eight are in the post. graduate course. The race is set for to-day. It is a question if it will be rowed.

In regard to the mooted question of what constitutes a fair broad jump, the stand taken by those jumpers who claim that when a man falls or steps back it shall be no jump certainly seems the correct one. The clear-ance of an maginary chasm is the principle on which the broad jump is based.

Champion Malcolm W. Ford has been challenged by J. W. Rich, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, for a match broad jump on July 6 at the regular Saturday games of the Adelphi Athletic Club.

President Fulda, of the California Athletic Club, has telegraphed that Frank Murphy will be acceptable as a substitute for Ike Weir to battle against Billy Murphy, the Australian champion feather.weight, in July. There is an \$1.800 purse offered. \$1,500 to the winner.

Cape May is becoming quite a centre of interest in the sporting and athletic world. There is a Cribb Club there, fashioned after the manner of the Troy Cribb Club, at which many interesting boxing bouts take place. The Cape May Athletic Club gives athletic games July 13, open to all amateurs.

Jack Dempsev is relieved of at least one challenge. Bill Goode, the English middle-weight, who proposed coming to this country to battle with the Nonpareil, has been laid on the shelf. He was attacked by a number of waiters in a London restaurant and badly beaten. It is feared that he will die.

John L. Sullivan is going to travel like a prince on his way to New Orleans. His private palace car will be fitte with all the most modern conveniences, including training paraphernalia. Jack Barnett leaves for the cene of action to-night.

Jack Lyman, who was defeated by Billy Murray for the 110-pound championship of America, announces that he will fight three nen in the Fall, two Bostonians and the third his own particular rival, Billy Murray. Murray was the only man who ever defeated him. He has won fifteen battles.

In a letter received yesterday from Kilrain by a gentleman of this city, Jake says he is feeling in superb health and expresses every confidence in his ability to win. He puts it this way: "I will win, barring accidents."

Bets are now being made on the duration of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. Folks are bet-ting that it will not last an hour, half hour, &c. Also, bets are being placed that Kilrain defeats John in various stated periods and vice versa.

Jimmy Carroll, who was disappointed in I see you take children at this hotel.

Summer Hotel Proprietor (glancing genially at many little boarders)—Oh, yes, /wadam, of course. How do you do, my little sey and Resgan Mitchell set-tos, and is also keeping a peeper trained on Joe Ellingsworth.

Speak so to the gentleman.

Cherub—I will.

Fond Mother—Bless his 'ittle heart, don't ee know ee shouldn't speak so to mamma? Say "I'm very well," to the nice gentleman.

Cherub—I won't.

CONSUL PRIOR OF THE PRIOR

The Seventh's Colonel Said to Be Slated for Manchester, England.

The friends of Col. Emmons Clark, of the Seventh Regiment, may get ready to congratulate him upon a change in his official duties. Word is passed around that President Harrison is about to give Col. Clark an important consular post in England. Some months ago, it is said, application was made at Washington on behalf of Col. Clark, that he be appointed Cou-sul at Manchester. The application was in-dorsed by the most prominent men in the Re-publican party, and it is believed President Harrison has decided to make the appointment.

Death of Cornellus Woglom.

Cornelius Woglom, ex-Police Captain of the Fifth Precinct, Brooklyn, died at his home, 337 Bedford avenue, last night, at the age of seventysix years. He had been on the force more than thirty years, and on several occasions was offered the position of Superintendent, but always refused it.

A Correct Conclusion. Detective-Was your cashier right or left

handed? Bank President - Right, I should say nothing he could get his hands on is left.

Made Specially for Women, Yet good for all, Carten's Iron Pills. "."

THE WORLD'S COLD SHOULDER;

OR,

The Ungratefulness of Society Friends and

the Generosity of a Woman.

nurse, and, as soon as my age would permit, ness, in my mind, was associated only with

SHEE-LONG-TAN-MOO.

A Chinese play should most decidedly be deivered in homosopathic doses, and even then the ultra-irritably nerved should never venture to touch it. For the average American citizen. fifteen minutes of "Shee-Long-Tan-Moo," a given at the Windsor Theatre last night, would be absolutely and overwhelmingly sufficient, and an attempt to inflict more might possibly be attended with disastrous results,

Anything more deliberately exasperating and serve-lacerating than the perpetual squeak-andthump of the instruments that are untiringly at work during the whole performance it is imcossible to imagine. The melodies of the nocturnal pussy that have made your "back-yard yrically famous, while at times suggested by Mongolian music, are, compared with it, strains o delicious that Orpheus might have charmed with them at least half a score of Eurydices Then the ground-work of the music is an awfu sound, like the emptying of coal from a coal-wagon. The combination of the coal and the pussy is more easily imagined than described. it disgusts you with life; it makes you sick of courself and of everybody else; it causes you to think with pleasure of the time when the daisie will be growing over you. Chinese music ought to have been used as a torture in the days of th Inquisition. As a torture it would make a great

I looked at the faces of the Chinamen who filled the Windsor. The dear fellows were happy as crickets, bless their hearts! Beatific smiles were wreathed upon the saffron expressiveness of their features, and when Princess Scan Neong Kung Joo introduced her comic specialty they laughed in almost boyish glee. This comic specialty is worth mentioning for the benefit of various farce-comedy "stars" who are fond of dainty little bits of business. The Princess, who was being wooed by Prince Yung Zoon Pow, in an ecstasy of coyness that was lelightful to see, advanced towards the young man, and extending her first finger and thum caught his nose and deliberately blew it. It was very realistically done, and I assure you that nothing was omitted from its completeness. It is not very much worse than much of the clowning that finds favor to-day, and it is cer-

tainly unconventional.
What "Shee-Long-Tan-Moo" was about I shall never positively know. The programme gave some kind of a synopsis, but I decline to implicitly believe in it. There was no possible way to understand this " magnificent Chinese heroic drams." The actors indulged in the queerest kind of jestures, for the most part stroking their beards in a variety of styles and facetiously tilting a sort of barrel hoop that they were round their waist. The faces of the artists betrayed no meaning. Nevertheless it was impossible to believe that all these eccentricities meant what the programme declared

The Princess was impersonated by the star. Ta Ka Wing, who was dressed in a style that was truly awe-inspiring. He looked as though he had been covered with mucilage, dipped into a rag-bag, and brought forth with the rags sticking to him. His face was made up with dabs of rouge rubbed upon the checkbones, the other portions being whitened in a ghastly manner. All the Princess was called upon to do was to squeak and to kneel. Once she ran and sat upon the knee of the Prince, and this exquisite burst of girlishness charmed the house.

The stage was arranged very informally. One of Mr. Murtha's old drawing-room sets was supplemented with a pair of magnificent portieres and a screen on each side. In the centre of the stage was what looked like a stall at a fancy bazaar, but was in reality meant for a throne. Emperor Tong Tai Zoon sat behind this and presided.

"Shee-Long-Tan-Moo" is well named as far as the second syllable is concerned. By the time its three acts had been achieved but few people remained in the house. Even the Chinamer went back to their collars and cuffs with alacrity before the entertainment was over. Many people would be tempted to regard the

Chinese play as an interesting study and a curiosity. They would regard it in this light before they had seen it; not after. I wouldn't ask my bitterest foe to subject himself to an evening of 'Shee-Long-Tan-Moo," and to shatter his nerves with its music. Carlyle, in one of his rhapsodies asks: "Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us " If this query has anything to do with Chinese music I can certainly answer it. But I won't do so, as the simple word I should use might not look sweet in print.

> A Pisenterial Pussy Cat. [From the Albany Journal,]

A very ordinany-looking and mild-mannered cat is one of the inhabitants of Garry Benson's swimming bath. She is the mother of a promising family of three, and to the superficial observer appears no more, no less, than a well-behaved, sweet-tempered, motherly old tabby. But as a matter of fact, this cat is rather an anomaly among cats. Whether she was born that way or whether Garry's own amphibious disposition is infectious, is not stated. However she may have come by the puculiarity, this cat is an exceedingly good swimmer and appears rather to like the

water.
She sits on the edge of the "crib" at the bath for hours watching the little minnows which swim or are swent by the current in through the latticed sides. When at length a luckess fish does come within the range of a luckiess fish does come within the range of her paw she reaches out like a flash, and with one swift sweep of her fore paw she lands him on the platform, where she de-vours; er prey at her leisure. Or, if the fish remains just out of her reach, she will leap fairly into the water, seize the prize with her teeth and swim to the side again, where she scrambles up and shakes herself after the

fashion of dogs.

And, by the way, the largest dogs have no terrors for her; she will fly at them with claws extended, and it is a brave canine which dares her fury after the first onslaught. Yet she is as gentle as can be with her family or with kindly-disposed human visitors, who never would suppose her to be the ferocious fisherman she is.

CITIZEN TRAIN USES HIS "MIND POWER" ON A LITTLE DUMB GIRL.

The Sage of Madison Square Promises s Series of Startling Sensations-"Free Masoury Exposed"-Mme. Disa Debar to Produce Spirit Pletures at His Receptions-Fairy Tales Exploded.

There was a cluster of people-men, women and children-in one corner of Madison Square Park. Not under the shade of one of the big elms or maples, but out in the glaring June sun.

It's centre was Citizen George Francis Train.

No other person would have selected that unprotected spot, with the cooling shadetrees all about, and no other attraction could have held a crowd beneath the burning sun.

outskirts of the "andience," to catch unawares the gems of wisdom dropped by the yellow-brown sage, but instantly he was

"Come in, old frend! Come in. I felt you! Psycho told me you were there. Come in! I've cut the wires forever with the press, but not you-not you. Come in."

The reporter drew near the white-haired, lean and hollow-eyed sage whose tongue ran on. There was a number of children nearest to him, and one, a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed elf, was receiving his special atten-

"See!" exclaimed Citizen Train. "This little one is deaf as an adder. She was dumb as an oyster, but I've taught her to speak." At this the projector of the Pacific Railway system, whose pranks were went to set all Wall street in a roar a generation ago, drew a single peanut from the capacious pocket and, holding it up, he said: "Now, Florence, say Pea-nut," repeated the child, reaching

eagerly for the prize.

"Say 'Mis-ter Train,' said the sage.
The child's eyes watched every movement of the thin, blue lips and then the words were articulated difficultly by the fairy. whereafter she got her peanuts.

Florence is seven years old," said the tutor. "she is the child of David Stevenson, the big brewer, who lives opposite in Twenty-sixth street. She was deaf and dumb till I tried to teach her to speak. Mrs. Ste-venson says I have opened her lips and set her tongue going.

You se , I have a wonderful power over the human mind, but it has always been universal, not individual. At least I thought so till I saw this little girl. Then I telt so sorry to see such a pretty little thing speechless, that I tried my power individually, and you

see the result.

"Oh, Train is a crank: mad as a March hare, but he does some good yet. Of course, I have the power, else I could never have put the Pacific road idea through. I tried it on a man who has had his neck broken and is total around by a colored servant in a mush. toted around by a colored servant in a push-wagon with a thing to support his head.

wagon with a thing to support his head.

"He hadn't walked alone in years, and one day I stopped him. Said I, 'Look here! Do you want to walk?'

"He said he would like to be able to, and I said: 'l'll make you walk. Get out of that wagon.' He got out and I said: 'Walk now. Walk to that lamp-post.' And sure enough he did and walked back again.

"That showed me what I could do, but I've never tried it on him since, and I guess he has never walked since I walked him.

"Fasting? Yes; only I take a strawberry or a prune now and then.

"I was going too fast. My heart stopped beating. I thought a man's heart had to beat if he lived. Great mistake. My heart stopped beating a week ago and isn't going yet. No pulse at all, but I feel good.

"Say, I'd give you the biggest sensation of the century, but your paper wouldn't dare print it. Press all cowards. I'll tell you, though. As soon as I get through with Griswold—Fat Contributor—at my Sunday receptons will not on staid succession of sense

wold—Fat Contributor—at my Sunday recep-tions, will put on rapid succession of sensa-tions. Crowded houses, thousands won't be able to get in. Got a man, thirty years a Free Mason and

in the commandery, who is going to show up the whole thing; give signs, raps, grips and passwords—the whole thing. He isn't enough of a Morgan yet to be worth killing, but he'll raise the dickens.

"Then, my friend citizeness, Mme, Diss
Debar—your old friend—will put spirit pic-tures on the canvass at the reception. Got

ALAN DALE.

| Cat. | tures on the canvass at the reception. Got thirty slides all made already. Big expense. The years all each t produce spirit paintings, but she 'll show 'em that she can. The press will go all to smash on it. I've taken press tables all out of the hall, but you come—old

tables all out of the hall, but you come—old friend, you know.

"Then I'm going to show by tables and figures how the \$100,000,000 was stolen and who stole it; and then I'm going to show up and explode Jonah and the whale, Daniel in the lion's den, and all those fairy tales for grown up idiots. You daren't print it. I'll wager. And, last of all—but I won't tell you that, for I know you wouldn't print it—and besides I want to flash-light it all at once on the world—startle 'em into fits!

"See here, four kinds of blood."

The sage turned up his sleeve from the rus-

The sage turned up his sleeve from the rus-set-brown hands and displayed an arm as

white as a woman's.
"The white blood of civilization here; the blue blood of an aristocrat here in my veins; the brown blood of health here in my hands

the brown blood of health here in my hands and face, and the red blood of Psycho here!"
And the citizen pressed his fingers on the pains of his hands, then opened them and displayed the pink and white spots of coming and going blood.

Mrs. Stevenson informed the reporter that Florence, her little daughter, had suffered leco-meningitis in her infancy and had been deaf since. That she had not learned how to talk; that Citizen Train certainly had aided in bringing out her powers of speech, and that now she was attending a school for children thus afflicted.

Offering a Substitute.

[From the Detroft Pres Press.] " See here! The calico you sold me won't wash."
It won't, eh, Then let me sell you a wash machine.

the scene of my disappointment, went home. shut myself up, walked the floor until morning—for I was desperately in love—and even then was at home to no one. I remained When youth has passed and manhood is on

curds at the club. If I lost I must not wince, or be heard to utter any regret.

All this I did, and kept it up for three years, Then my eyes were opened, but not in the pened in this wise: I met a young lady with whom I fell deeply in love. No young lady, I was sure, as I surveyed myself in the glass on the evening I determined to propose, could resist my suit. A handsome form, a reputation obtained through my club of being a great deal wealthier than was (as if they didn't know my

The second forenoon I sauntered forth. I displayed a negligent aspect and haggard countenance, which contrasted sadly with my former scrupulous neatness and barpy appearance. I saw a number of my club associates; but they seemed to avoid me, as they would cross the street before we met, or, if on the opposite side, would be deeply interested in viewing some object in another direction. I returned from my walk, and after lunch ordered my turn-out for a drive. The programme of the morning was re-enacted. I passed several acquaintances, and instead

HE TAUGHT HER TO SPEAK. LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS. NEWS AND NOTES DRAMATIC.

REPORTORIAL REAPINGS BY "EVENING IMRE AND EOLOSSY KIRALFY SAID TO WORLD " YOUNG MEN.

Different Types of Character as Displayed by Intextented Men.

The old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," does not hold good in the pairing of congental spirits for a spree. Such couplets are almost invariably composed of two natures diametrically opposed to each One man in his cups is the personification of dignity and politication

of dignity and politeness, while his bosom and boon companion is a clown or pantaloon while "under the influence."

while "under the influence,"

"'F th' wind 'd stop blowin' a minute, I'd
catch hold o' that tree," remirked a middleaged man, as he vainly endeavored to appear
sober and dignified at the Suburban. His
inflamed mem ry had not lost sight of the
fact that an hour or two before, when he was
sober, a rade was aweening over the mark at An Evening World reporter paused on the outskirts of the "andience," to catch una-

moredly. 'Think I'm drunk, den't you?" said the man of dignity, contemptuously. "But I sin't so drunk but what I know that I won seventeen bund'd on the S'b'b'n.
"Snapper savs, says he, 'Mitch'—that's
me—tays he, 'Mitch, I'm goin' to ride to

This in a sepulchral tone, followed by s dramatic pause for effect.
"So I put up my stuff and I'm a winner-I'm a winner!"

Just here Mr. Dignity's chum arrived on the scene. He had been cashing their joint tickets in the mutuels, and he slapped the other on the back, knocked his high hat over his eves and shouted: "Hooray! We got out what we put in anyway. Let's take a out what we put in anyway. Let's take a

out what we put in, anyway. Let's take a beer!" and then essayed to swing the other in a waltz, all the time waving aloft a hand-

He only succeeded in throwing both him-self and his dignified friend, and then, hav-ing get on his own feet again, and succeeded in lifting Dignity out of the dirt and placing his much damaged hat on his head, he noticed the smile on the reportorial face.

Putting his chubby hand to his lip, with a comical grimace, he said warningly and in

'Sh-sh-sh ! That's Charley Mitchell, the Then he went to pieces at his own joke, knocked Dignity down again in the exuberance of his spirits, and then dragged him

White Pinks in Great Demand Among the

White pinks are the lastest craze among men. They wear them in their button-holes and generally carry one in the hand as well. A florist said recently:

"I have never known white pinks to be in such great demand before.

This may because there is an unusual abundance of them this year. "In addition to their cheapness, they are about the neatest little flower a man can wear. A white pink means love, faith and purity," he concluded.

ONE OF HIS EARLY RACKETS.

A Story of John L. That May or May Not Be True.

[From the Chicago Mail.] " I am pleased to see that one of my erst while acquaintances stands a fair chance of being battered up and made to look like a chopped beefsteak," said John Stapleton. 'I refer to the genial gentleman who belongs to the name of John L. Suilivan."

" Didn't know I was acquainted with Mr. Sullivan?" he continued, "Oh, yes: I know him. I made his acquaintance several years ago in New York. It was when I first joined Augustin Daly's company. One afternoon I went around to the Ashland House to meet a friend who was with a firm in Wall street.

friend who was with a firm in Wall street. I met him and we were about to leave the hotel when he excussed himself to run up to the room for something he had forgotten, and I strolled into the bar-room.

"There was a very boisterous crowd there and lots of loud talking by a very big man who seemed to be as near to being in the King business as is possible in this country. Nobody contested anything he said, and whenever he gave an order it was filled without question. I stood off to one side enjoying the performance when the big man called ing the performance when the big man called

"' All hands up to have a drink.'
"I didn't think this meant me, so I turned to look out of a window. A moment later great hand closed on my coat collar and yanked me up to the bar. Then the gentleman who owned the fist smashed it down on the bar and said he bar ond said:
''You're drinkin'! What'll you have?'
''I begged pardon, and said I'd take s

glass of leer.

'' Heil!' roared the big man contemptuously, and then said to the man in the white apron: 'Rye whiskey for this dood!'

'Everybody laughed at me, of course, and this tickled the big man more than ever. He made it his business to see that I drank the whiskey, which he poured out, and I only got away when he had grown tired of watch-ing me and had got interested in something

"That was John L. Sullivan, A most hospitable gentleman is John L. I hope Mr. Kilrain will break him in several pieces."

Physically True. [From the Omishis World,] Landlady-Be careful how you whip that

carpet. It's a very fine piece of goods, Tramp (working for his dinner)—Yes'm. It's hard to beat. Science Halts. [From the New York Weekly.] Layman-I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs. Great Scientist (proudly)—I have. Layman—Have you found a remedy for any

of them?
Grent Scientis!—Well, no; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them

REV. C. H. YATMAN will speak to the boys at the old McAuley Water Street Mission this evening. ","

But my vanity received a mighty shock. I vague, dreamy state, when the footman was refused; and so decided was the refusal entered, inquiring whether he should not light the gas. That moment there was a

to my vanity.

'You will excuse this intrusion, Mr.
Moreton, when I tell you that nothing but a appearance. I saw a number of fly club associates; but they seemed to avoid me, as they would cross the street before we met, or, if on the opposite side, would be deeply interested in viewing some object in another direction. I returned from my walk, and after lunch ordered my turn-out for a drive. The programme of the morning was re-enacted. I passed several acquaintances, and instead of receiving the usual polite bow and pleasant smile. I got a cold stare, or no notice

HAVE BURIED THE HATCHET.

Tony Hart Reported to Be in Better Health -Minnie Palmer's Leading Man Makes His Choice-Cast for "The Lion and the Lamb" at the Bijou-Approaching Exit of Barthelemew's Horses,

Manager E. G. Gilmore is delighted at the ramor that has come to this country by cable to the effect that Imre and Bolossy Kiralfy, after years consumed in hating one another. have at last figuretively "kissed and made it up" in London. Mr. Gilmore says that although he got the credit of having separated the brothers, who both wanted to play their spectacular pieces at his Niblo's, it is not generally known that for two years be has been trying all in his power to effect a reconciliation. The Karattys since they separated are said to have met with a very indifterent sort of success. Bolossy when he entered a town would damage imre's busientered a town would damage intre's busi-ness, and intre in like circumstances would burt Bolossy. In fact, the story of the Kil-kenny cats, who almost consumed one another, was fairly duplicated. Mr. Gilmoro declares that it is greatly to his interest to see them together, as combined they prove a very potent attraction for Niblo's, and an attraction that is unrivalled, while separately attraction that is unrivalled, while separately they can be equalled, and have been equalled by many. Of this last fact it is probable that the Messrs. Kiralfy have themselve become aware.

Miss Jeffreys Lewis is in town from San Francisco, whence, it will be remembered, news was not long ago received as to her im-poverished condition.

Charles Coote, Sheridan Tupper, H. D. Blakemore, Charles Charters, Tyrone Power, James F. Bradbury and Stephen Wright have been engaged for "The Lion and the Lamb," that is to be played at the Byon Aug. 5. Mr. Coote is to act the title role and stage the production. production.

"For goodness' sake don't say that I can ever improve upon Letty Lind," chirruped little Miss Mamie Cahill vesterday. "I think her dancing is perfectly exquisite, and though I do the same style of thing I should consider myself disgracefully che ky to imagine that I did it as well. I should like to say that I have not copied Miss Lind in the least. I did the Lind dance long before I ever saw her—in fact, last Summer I studied it with a teacher. But it was not in demand then as it is now. I had an offer the other day from a variety manager who wanted to star me, but of course I refused it, as I should be dead to the legitimate from the day I went with the organization, But it was a very kind offer and very nicely made."

Mrs. Tony Hart was in town yesterday, and spoke very hopefully of her husband, whom she declares to be in much better health, Mrs. Hart was a member of "The Paymaster" company last season, but did not accompany the organization to San Francisco. She is said to have a little unpaid account with the company.

The educated horses will not be seen at the Academy of Music after Saturday, which means, of course, that they cannot make a fortune at that house. After their departure the big stage will be utilized for the painting of the new "Homestead" scenery. That used last season will go with the travelling company. "The Red Rouble," a play that was given in Philadelphia for two weeks, and is ap-parently to go on the road next season, is not being backed by Prof. Herrmann, as some people have been led to believe. Herrmann sold the scenery, and has nothing more to do

with the enterprise. R. A. Roberts, who has been Miss Minnie Pa mer's leading man in this country and in England, has determined to remain on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Roberts had a very sing position with Mr. John R. Rogers, and he may go farther and fare worse.

Alexander Comstock, of the Academy of Music, has made a great deal of money with his opera-glass drop-a-dime scheme, and he is now branching out in other directions. His latest is a postage-stamp machine, yield-ing two two-cent stamps for a nickel. "It will do away with the pernicious habit of borrowing stamps," says Mr. Comstock," and I shall be the benefactor of the letter writing portion of the human race.

Now comes the information that Prof. Miller, who has been announced as a new magician as far as this country is concerned is not really new, but that he was seen here at a Tony Pastor matinee and at various Summer resorts.

Changes at the Theatres.

Changes at the Theatres.

"Faust" was presented last night night at the Grand Opers-House by Mr. James W. Morrisey's company, and it was received in a manner that promises well for its week's success. Mme. Pauline L'Allemand made a very pleasing Margnerite, and sang the jewis song with brilliancy and sweetness. Sig. Tagliapietria was the Valentine, and a very energetic Valentine he was. Mr. Frank Baxter gave a rather awkward performance of Faust. The Mepnistopheles of Mr. Maena was good, and the Martha of Miss Helen Brand commendable.

PROCTOR'S THEATRE. Lew Dockstader's minstrels began the second week of their engagement at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night. There was a change of programme with a few exceptions. The Wonlo's song. "With all Her Faults I Love Hor Still." was well given by Mr. Jose. A burlesque entitled. "Steal the Alarm." proved to be very funny, and kept the audience in good humor.

ROSTER AND BIAL'S. Selections from 'a burlesque entitled 'Monte Cristo, ir...' were given at Koster & Bia's last night by Louise Searle. George Murphy, Charles H. Stanley, W. A. McCormick, John Marion, Corinne Leslie, Sallie Handow, Lilie Shandley and Josie Gregory. The Austin sisters, Almoe and Keiler were among the specialty features. WORTH'S MUSEUM,

This is the last week of the season at Worth's Palace Museum. A little sketch, entitled "He's Got 'Em," was performed by Harry Thorne and

port."
I got out all my papers, and found that all my bank stoct had been sold, and I now knew where the rumor of "We learn from one who knows" came from. One of my club associates was my stock-broker.

The course and the rumor of my club associates was my stock-broker.

When they fearn I'm not the gull they took me 'or!"

My house was yet my own and unencumbered. I forwore clues and the race-course, procured a position in a mercantile house, and six months after became junior partner.

I was now fully lamphed in the trace.

Miss Maggie Willett, yesterday, and was very amusing. Hamilton and Phillips appeared in a musical comedy sketch called "Noncense." Other attractions were Mike Callaghan, Tamaka, Andy Amann and Josephine Amann.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. "Unknown," John A. Stevens's well-known play, was revived at the Third Avenue Theatre last night and drow a large audience. Mr. Stevens as Harold, Miss Butter as the heroine, and Mr. Gallagher as an Irish servant were well

TERRACE GARDEN. "Donna Juanita" will be sung at the Terrace Gardon every night this week.

Baltimore's Infant Prodicy. Baltimore has a little girl, Lou Allen Sprint, only three years old, whose performances on the piano are said to be remarkable. An account in the American says:

"Her forehead is remarkably high, and she displays intelligence far beyond her years. When two years and four months old Loulie was given a toy two-octavo piano by her parents. One day, much to her mother's surprise, the child began the air of " Days of Absence," which she had heard some time before. Mrs. Sprint immediately took her downstairs and placed her at the large piano, where she seemed perfectly at home, and played the entire air with much firmness. From that time on boulie has displayed great telent for music. Whenever she hears a catchy air she sings it until she has it memorized, and then executes it on the piano. The execution of the little musician is graceful and firm. She, as yet, does not know one note from another, and naturally does not finger exactly according to good methods. She uses her middle fincer to strike the keys in the treble, and strengthens it with the first finger. In the base she strikes harmonious chords and plays in splendid time. The child has lots of confidence in herself and is never embarrassed by an audience." her downstairs and placed her at the an audience."

From a Nantical Point of View.

[From the Jenesters' Weekly.] Mrs. Neybob-During the Centennial Loan Exhibition in New York two very old salts were given a given a prominent place among the silverware.

Mr. Neptoon (a seafaring man) — Aboy there, Mrs. Neybob! Haul in your log! There isn't a tar in port that I would trust like that.

A Multitude of Ailments.

The ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Surley to ear, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention HOSTKITER'S STOMACH BITTERS is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic, sorre to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of permicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet, except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, ferer and ague, rheumatism, and dyspepsia, are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE ACTION OF CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER ILLS is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stim late the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge A SUPERB HOME DRINK MAY BE EASILY ROOT BEER EXTRACT. 25c. and 50c. CARPET CLEANING-T. M. STEWART, 32d 7th ave.; send for circular; telephone call 126 21st st.

BIJOU THEATRE BROADWAY NEAR SOTH ST 12DTH TO LIATTH PERFORMANCES 17TH AND POSITIVELY LAST WEEK. A MIDNIGHT BELL. POSITIVELY
LAST WEEK THIS SEASON.
LAST MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Ga lery, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., 81.00, \$1.50.

AMUSEMENTS.

DORIS'S BIG DIME MUSEUM, 351 Stave.
Last week of Mik ADO: 4 performances daily, at 2.
4, 7...0 and 9 P. M. Great Panoramic scenes of the dishastown Flood. Anatin a Stone's Boaton Comedy Control of the CLOVER BOOK

MATINEES SATURDAY.
SQUARE THEATPL
T. WEIGHT Madison square THEATRE. WEEK! FAST WEEK! FEATHERBRAIN!

PROCTOR'S THEATRE | Matings | \$3 GL | LAST | DOCKSTADER'S | 13 CL | 13 GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND "FAUST." Evening at 8.15.

Braglish Opera.

Next week "Troyatore" and the Bohemian Girl.

BROADWAY THEATHE. CORNER AIST ST. MR. FANT W. SANGER FRANCIS WILSON THE OOLAH.

A CADEMY
ALL RESERVED
SO CENTS
Afternoons, 2.30.
H. R. JACOBS, 3D AVE. THEATRE.
JOHN A. STEVENS UNKNOWN.
JULY 1-HIS NATURAL LIFE. CASING THE BRIGANDS
Continuous Roof Visarden Concert, 7,30 to 12.
Admission 30 cents, including both entertainments.

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM.

Hull, the man with the iron skull; Manning, the egg crank, cats 100 teggs every day.

Choose for the season SUNDAY, June 30, with benefit to employees. KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. MONTE CRISTO, JR.

THEISS'S NEW IN THE X2 HID ALHAM THE MONSTER GROWESTRION. EDEN MUSEE -CONCERTS AFT., EVO. 19TH ST. | Have you ever heard | BATTLE OF AND AND YOUR OWN TOICE IN A OF GETTYSBURG

TERRACE GARDEN. 58TH ST., NEAR 3D AVE

cees, DONNA JUANITA, with Arnold Kirally's Ballet,

Austin Sisters, Aerial Wonders, Reller, Phenomenon, Matinees MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,

vague, dreamy state, when the footman entered, inquiring whether he should not light the gas. That moment there was a knock at the front door.

"Yes," I replied, "and if that is any one to see me conduct him in."

The quetness and my solitary seclusion were growing unendurable. Instead of a "him" conducted to my presence, there before me stood a lady closely veiled. I was taken by surprise, as my feminine visitors consisted of such as ac ompanied their husbands, brothers and sisters, and then only when the doors were throw open prelaced by an invitation. But if I was slightly astomished when the veil was thrown back, and I beheld the identical hidy who had so recently administered such a scorching blow to my vanity.

"You will excuse this intrusion, Mr. Moreton, when I tell you that necthing but a desire for your weight he seams due to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "Kuin—life you are leading." A lightly mind recurred to the first part: "The most mind part in the hell and called for the morning paper. When the hell and called for the morning paper. When the hell and called for the morning paper. When the hell and called for the morning paper. The not time of persons were there w

had detested.

Reader, six years have passed. Near mesits the lady who rejected my suit, and firs informed me of my "ruin" playing with at little blue-eye, who climbs up by the window, and, before I reach the door, claps her tiny hands, and cries cut." Papa."

It was she who sent the check, and, as I reflect on the past, and think of the present, I feel thankful for the blow she administered to my vanity.

programme of the morning was re-enacted.

I passed several acquaintances, and instead of receiving the usual politic bow and pleasant smile. I got a cold stare, or no notice whatever.

"Were they all witnesses to my rejection?"

Was the internal query.

I knew of nothing clie to effect so obvious a change in their demeanor. The mystery, however, was soon solved. I was sitting alone at dusk in my room, my mind in a limit of the vacancy where she had so iately stood. Part of what she had said alone at dusk in my room, my mind in a limit of the race mentioned was because I had not bet on the borse that had been first had obeen the first had not been first had been first had happened before. I started up to somehow had been flush with bank-notes, however, was soon solved. I was sitting alone at dusk in my room, my mind in a lives of the race mentioned was because I had not bet on the borse that had been my confirmed me or my confirmed to the current of the race mentioned was because I had not bet on the borse that had been my confirmed me or my confirmed me or my confirmed to the current with the money."

I was now for had detested.

The reason why I was not startled at the result of the race mentioned was because I had not bet on the borse that had been my confirmed me or my was bundled off to an institution to be care and anxiety. I cherished a recollection of the yearning I had in youthful days for an fortune to a penny), and a standing in society that one might envy; indeed, no sensible woman would refuse such an alliance, was my comment. But, before my majority, I received a tele- exhibition from my father of the affection I gram to hasten home, my father having been had seen laviahed on others of my own age. prostrated by an attack of apoplexy which a My memory was still alive with the remem-

to object to my disposing of myself and the different vacations, my days of mourning means according to my fancy. She who gave me being had departed from direction of my guardian, finished my course this world of change and succession ere I of studies, and as stated at ove, had my forcould remember. My remaining parent, en- tune when I was twenty-one at my own disgrossed in merchandise and finance, had no posal

erammed."

residence in one of the most stylish thorough. his last. Having received no special marks fares of the metropolis. No governor, no of affection from him, and having seen him guardian, no maiden aunt, no bachelor uncle only during the to me exciting intervals of were soon over. I returned to college by time to spend in looking after his heir; con- I had no idea of following in the wake of sequently, I was placed in the hands of a my father. I had a horror of business; busi-

.I was twenty-one-the possessor of two | his medical attendants pronounced fatal. I thousand a year and owner of a handsome reached there just in time to see him breathe

brance of how I had run to his knee, longing to be clasped in his arms, and had my heart stung with a cold repulse. "Why not enjoy life while I can?" was the mental cogitation, as I sat alone in my room.

the wane it will be time enough to clog independence with the encumbrances of life." I joined a club and gave expensive dinners to all my friends and acquaintances. Assuredly I must have a splendid "turnout," visit the course, and "stake on certain favorites." Also engage in billiards and

same manner quite as the Yankee deacon's kittens-by knocking the brains out. It hapthen was at home to no one. I remained all day, notwithstanding a race was to take place that afternoon at Petersham Park, on which I had staked a large amount. I cared nothing about the result and entertained some serious thoughts of making my will. While meditating on the subject the thought entered my mind that possibly I might have a rival. I felt a curiosity to see how he looked, and finally resolved not to make my will yet. The second forenoon I sauntered forth. I